Lanii Triumphantes,

OR THE

BUTCHERS PRIZE.

BEING

A deſcription of the famous Battel, between *Achilles* a *Butcher* of *Greece*, and *Hector* a *Weaver* of *Troy*, occaſion'd by the Rape of a daughty Damoſill y-clep'd *Hellen* the bright.

——*cARpere vel noli noſtra, petede tua.* Mart.

Licenſed. *February* 2. 166$\frac{4}{5}$.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. B.* for *William Crook*, at the *Three Bibles* on *Fleet-bridge*. 1665.

15-76.446 *

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Hector & Achilles.

THere once was ſown
Contention,
The like was known
By no man.

'Tween *Greekiſh* rout,
And *Trojans* ſtout,
And all about
A Woman.

For there's a day,
When *Trojans* play,
Work laid away,
Which rare is;

This brought great joy,
To th' Town of *Troy*,
But moſt to th' Boy,
call'd *Paris*.

He had deſign,
With fellows nine,
Two pence to joyn
A piece—a.

They hire a boat,
(Each doffes his Coat)
And bravely row't,
To *Greece*---a.

No haſt is made,
For time they had
Enough, as ſaid
Before is.

Now here they are,
I' th' nick as 'twere,
While *Greeks* prepare
For Morris.

And if one ſhould,
Such ſport behold
For ever, 'twould
Not weary one..

So blith a Laſs,
Did never paſs
Through *Greece*, as was
Maid Marrion.

As frog leap'd quick,
Over a Dike,
When ſhe had like
T' have fell in.

As Bag-pipes ſound,
On dulty ground,
So gramples round
Smug *Hellen*.

This did ſo fire,
The doughty Squire,
H'ad no deſire
To leeſe her.

Rounding in ear,
He ſpeaks her fair,
Yet would this gear
Not pleaſe her.

This

This ſtung to th' Gall,
Now to't hee'll fall,
Hee'll ne'r ſtand ſhall
I ſhall I.
Quoth he I'll prove
If you can move
Or elſe by-Jove
I'll maul ye.
With her they fly,
'Tis vain to cry,
For preſently
They're gone all.
For joy they roar'd,
Now ſhe's aboard,
And this the word,
Our own all.
There's not a *Greek*,
Had power to ſpeak,
Th' are vex'd to break
Of a Game.
But they're afraid
It will be ſaid,
That they are made
A May-game.
With Club and Stick,
With Sword and Pike,
The *Greeks* run thick
To ſea-ſide.
To Veſſells they
Themſelves convay,
Which vacant lay,
There beſide.
They hoiſe up Sail,
Their Oars they trail,
Revenged they'll——
——Be, ſans doubt.

To *Trojan* ſhore
Now wafted o're,
They'll knock (they ſwore)
Their brains out.

Their Clubs they fit,
In fiſt they ſpit,
The next they'll hit
That they ſee;

While *Trojans'* wink,
For you muſt think,
When they're in drink,
They're lazy.

Heart was at heell,
'Till *Trojans* feell,
That *Greeks* do deal
So badly;

Their Clubs they crack,
They hold them tack,
They bruiſe and thwack
As madly;

Bumps riſe in head,
Both parties bleed,
'Kerchers they need,
To dry 'em.

This ruefull fight,
Did not delight
The *Trojan*, hight
Old *Priam*.

He had more care,
Then all men there,
(It is, I ſwear,
No fable.)

In *Trojan* Land,
H'ad great command,
Church-warden, and
Conſtable.

In

In midſt he ſtood,
And to the Croud
Theſe words, aloud,
Then he ſent.
Pray make an end
Thus to contend,
Both foe, and friend,
Here preſent.
For 'twill be ſung,
By future tongue,
Our lives were hung
'Oth' tenter.
And if't be ſo,
Naught elſe will do,
There's only two
Shall venture.
Small blood be ſpilt;
For they ſhall tilt,
At Basket, Hilt,
And Cudgel.
Who beſt doth play,
Their's be the day;
Spectators pray ——
—*Ye judge well.*
They like this thing,
They make a Ring.
Firſt *Trojans* bring
Out their man.
A precious Wight,
Of mickle might,
And t' all mens ſight,
A rare man.
On's Lip did grow,
Muſtachio,
No man did know
Such ever.

A jovial Lad,
Wild, blith, and mad,
And was by trade
A Weaver.
He arm'd doth come,
With ſtaff of Broom,
Yo'ld ſwear him ſome——
——Protector.
O're ſpot of ground,
Thrice ſtalk'd he round,
And three times frown'd,
Brave Hector.
He ſtruts not long,
When from among,
The *Greekiſh* throng,
All ſtaring.
There did appear,
Great *Hectors* Peer,
A Warrier——
——As daring;
Who earſt hath ſtood,
Knee-deep in bloud,
'Mong all the Brood
None ſuch are.
H'ath oft rub'd out,
A dreadful bout,
Ne're was ſo ſtout
A Butcher.
But not to faſt,
'Fors Battle paſt
His title laſt,
To tell it;
He is well known
All o're the Town,
By name of boon
Achilles.

Horn-

Horn-pipes they blow,
Spectators know,
The Champions now
Will fly on.
With open mouth,
Th' encounter both
As Tyger doth
With Lyon.
Alike they fight,
'Till for meer ſpight,
A Blow did light
On *Hector.*
Feeling the weight,
'Tis deſperate,
Trojan did ſtreight
Conjecture.
He would not cry,
(Though tear's in eye)
He might thereby
Looſe credit.
But, truth be ſaid,
A Curſe is laid
Upon his head
That did it.
Quoth *Hector*, ſtay,
I will not play,
Becauſe you lay
On ſo hard.
Saith Greek, *reſign,*
A Rope be thine,
For Hellen's *mine*
Poor Coward.
Trojan would choak,
E're he'd have ſpoke,
Leſt th' other ſtroak
Should happen;

Laſt brought ſuch pain,
That he was feign,
On ſtaff to lean
with Cap on.

Thus have you heard
How *Trojans* jear'd,
While all men fear'd
Th' o'recomer.

If you would veiw,
What did enſue,
I'll ſend you to
Old *Homer*.

FINIS.